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A NOVENA
TO
OUR LADY OF
LOURDES.

E. A. M.



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A NOVENA
TO
OUR LADY OF
LOURDES,
OR
NINE DAYS' DEVOTION
IN HONOUR OF THE
IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD.

"Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei."



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A NOVENA
TO
OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Preface.

THE object of this publication is to further in some degree devotion towards our Blessed Lady of *Lourdes*. *Lourdes* is a town in the south of *France*, in the neighbourhood of *Pau*, and has become one of the most famous Pilgrimages of our day. It was upon a large rock near *Lourdes* that the Virgin Mother appeared several times in the year 1858 to a little peasant girl named *Bernadette*, and showed her a spring which, issuing from beneath the rock, has never ceased to flow from that day to this, and

to work miraculous cures. A full account of the history of the Pilgrimage of *Lourdes* has been published lately by Mr. Lawlor in a work entitled: "*Pilgrimages in the Pyrenees and the Landes*," and to which the reader is referred.

May Jesus Christ bless the following Prayers which have been written in honour of His Holy Mother, and may He condescend to pour the abundance of His grace into our hearts, through Her most loving intercession.

A. W.E.

October 12, 1870.

THE HOLY NAMES.

JESUS, MARY, names of wonder,
Bear such mystery in their Sound ;
Once great Healer of the nations,
Born of Virgin lily-crowned !

JESUS, MARY, names of sorrow,
Speak of Calvary and pain,
Where the cup of mingled anguish,
Son and Mother stooped to drain.

JESUS, MARY, names of gladness
Make the Easter hours so gay !
When the Saviour in His rising
Wiped His Mother's tears away.

JESUS, MARY, names of comfort,
Fill the sinner's heart with grace,
Bright'ning with their twofold meaning
Every sorrow-darkened face.

JESUS, MARY, names of sweetness,
Waft their odour from above,
Where the Angels, clad in white robes,
Through the heavenly garden rove.

The Holy Names.

JESUS, MARY, names of glory,
Their very echo, 'tis so sweet,
Sets the angelic choir a-singing,
Round the Eternal Saviour's feet.

Do not they who catch the music,
Long with God's own Saints to see
That sweet Balm which heals in Gilead,
That sweet Virgin's purity?

THE FIRST DAY.

Morning.

A muliere initium factum est peccati, et per illam omnes morimur.—*From woman came the beginning of sin, and it is through her that we all die.* Eccl. xxv., 33.

IT is through the sin of Eve that all the miseries of life were brought into this world. Sickness, depression, and pain owe their origin to this alone. “Man that is born of woman, liveth but for a little while and is filled with many miseries.” (Job. xiv., 1.) The disobedience of our first mother has involved us in continual sorrow. The sacred Scripture expresses clearly the woes which the human heart has inherited from the days of the fall. “My soul is weary of my life,” cries holy Job (x., 1), and David complains that his tears have been his meat; day and night: *Fuerunt mihi lacrymae meae panes die ac nocte.* (Ps. xli., 4.) Again, he prays that God will not turn his face from him, because he is in tribulation: *quoniam tribulor* (Ps. lxviii., 18.) Such are the groanings of our suffering race and the results of Original Sin.

O MY GOD, I a miserable child of Eve, I too share the sorrows of the human race. But I know that Thou art merciful and that Thou wilt not try us above our strength. I cast myself into Thine arms, beseeching Thee to help me to submit to Thy will, whatever it may be my lot to suffer. Crucified Jesus ! Thou hast suffered for me, it is my will to suffer for Thee.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

O MY Jesus, I love Thee above all things, at least, I desire so to love Thee. Since I cannot receive Thee Sacramentally, come at least spiritually into my heart. I embrace Thee as if Thou wast already come ; I unite myself wholly to Thee. Never suffer me to be separated from Thee !

Conclude by repeating the Litanies of the Holy Virgin.

Evening.

In me omnis spes vitae.—*In Me is all hope of life.*
Eccl. xxiv., 25.

O H ! how wondrous are these words which the Church applies to the Mother of Jesus Christ. This morning we contemplated the effects of Original Sin, but now we read of its remedy. In Mary is all hope of Life. Through her we receive the Only Redeemer of the world—Jesus Christ. She is the one Being from whom the Son of Righteousness arose to enlighten the world ; and just as the dawn is the sure harbinger of the day, so in Mary is fixed the glorious hope of eternal life.

M OTHER of Mercy, behold at thy feet a wretched sinner afflicted with misery, but who places the firmest confidence in thy prayers. St. Bernard assures me that no one has ever had recourse to thee without obtaining relief. I come, therefore, confused at the recollection of my sins, yet full of hope. I come to be delivered from the load of my wretchedness, and to obtain [*here mention the special intention of your prayers*]. The

world is full of darkness and misery, and I am in daily peril of offending God and losing my soul. But thy protection gives me confidence, yes, I repeat it, thy protection gives me confidence and inspires me with hope. As in Eve we all die, so in thee we all live. Pray for me, that in thee I may find life indeed, and find my only happiness in thy Service. To thee will I apply those words of Scripture and call thee the Mother of holy hope: *Ego mater sanctae spei* (Ecc. xxiv. 24.) Holy indeed is the hope with which thou inspirlest me, for it is the hope of seeing my God for all eternity. Pray then, yes, pray on, and never cease to pray, until Thou seest me safe in Heaven and free from all danger of sin.

*At the end of each prayer throughout the Novena
the Spiritual Communion can be suitably repeated,
followed by the Litanies of the Holy Virgin.*

THE SECOND DAY.

Morning.

Et abiit (Agar) sediturque e regione procul quantum potest arcus jacere: dixit enim: Non videbo morientem puerum: et sedens contra, levavit vocem suam et flevit. *And Agar departed and sat down a good way off, at the distance of a bowshot from the place, for she said: I will not see my son die, and sitting opposite him, she lifted up her voice and wept.*" Gen. xxi., 16.

IN the sorrows of Agar a faint type may be found of the desolation of Mary. The bond-woman of Abraham, being expelled from his home, wandered forth into the desert, and as her only son sank exhausted with thirst, she hid herself from him and wept. This, indeed, was only a faint type of the sufferings of the Virgin Mother, for she not only accompanied her son to death, or heard him cry "*I thirst,*" but finally she beheld him die in the midst of torments. Ismael's life was saved, and the child was restored to his mother; but when

Mary received Jesus Christ into her arms he was dead.

PROSTRATE at thy feet, O Queen of Martyrs, I beg and implore thee to obtain for me a great love for thy divine Son. I hear Him cry "*I thirst!*" and I well know that it is not for water only that He cries, but for the love of His creatures. Help me, therefore, to respond to His call, help me to devote my heart to His service; and since those that love him must take up their Crosses and suffer for Him, assist me to do this also, O Mother of sorrows. Obtain for me the pardon of my sins, a pure conscience, the gift of patience, a desire of Heaven, but above all the grace to love God. Oh! if I could love Him, how happy I should be; I should count every earthly thing as drofs in comparison with Him. Why is life so tedious, the sacrifice of self-will so difficult, and the thought of suffering so horrible; all because my soul is devoid of charity. I adjure thee, then, through all the misery which thou didst endure on Calvary to obtain for me the fire of charity which has already inflamed so many souls, and induced them to sacrifice everything to the service of Jesus Christ. Day by day I find that I put obstacles in the way of His love, but to this evil do Thou apply a remedy. Thy prayers can make me a saint. Ah! let it be thy glory for

all eternity that Thou hast turned a miserable sinner into a fervent lover of Thy Son. This is my desire and my prayer. If it be God's will, obtain also for me [. . . .]. O Mary, grant me everything necessary for salvation. *Amen.*

Evening.

Magna est velut mare contrita tua.—*Great as the sea is thy sorrow.* Lam. ii. 13.

JEREMIAS compares the sorrows of the Daughter of Sion to the vast sea, which in all its immensity has not one drop of water that is not bitter. Thus the love of Mary, which was so deep as to pass our comprehension, was saturated with bitterness in contemplating the agonies of her Son. But in reward for her fidelity, the Lord has placed in her hands innumerable graces which she disperses to her clients on earth. She obtains health both for body and soul, and at her beloved Sanctuary of *Lourdes* she does not cease to perform the most glorious miracles, ever heaping on men the favours she has received from God.

TAKE courage when I think of thee, Most Holy Virgin, and find comfort in all my troubles. Well did *S. Bonaventure* call thee "End of our tears," for amid this world of sorrow we look to thee as to a Mother of Consolation. Well too does the Holy Church call thee "Gate of Heaven," for through thy intercession "I believe verily to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living." Here, alas! I am shut out from the sight of my God, and all around is sin and darkness. Console me, then, with the foretastes of Heaven and with the thought of passing one day "to the place of the wondrous tabernacle, even to the house of God; where there is the voice of gladness and thanksgiving and the shout of those who feast" (*Pf.* xli., 5.) And as a pledge of eternal joy obtain for me my present earnest request [.]

THE THIRD DAY

Morning.

Antequam exires de vulva Sanctificavi te.—*Before thy birth I sanctified thee.* Jeremias i. 5.

If it was fitting that the prophet *Jeremias* should be sanctified before his birth (and the Holy Ghost informs us that he was), surely it was also fitting that the Mother of God should be sanctified at the first moment of Her Conception. But we Christians are not left in doubt as to this wonderful mystery, for we are bound to believe that Mary never inherited the stain of sin from Her parents, but from the very first moment of Her existence she was pure and immaculate. Thus, when she appeared to the humble *Bernadette* at the Grotto of *Lourdes*, being pressed by the child to reveal her name, she answered—"I am the Immaculate Conception." She did not say, "I am Mary Immaculate," but, "I am the Immaculate Concep-

tion ;" as if by Her testimony she would confirm the glorious dogma which had lately been decreed as binding on the conscience of us all.

IMMACULATE Mother of Jesus! from the very first thou wast without stain of sin, and thou didst pass through life without contracting the slightest fault. I could not dare to address thee, did I not know that thy compassion for sinners is in proportion to thy holiness. I was not only born with my soul stained with the sin of Adam (that I could not help), but after I had been washed in baptism I sinned through my own fault. *Mea culpa*, yes, *mea maxima culpa*. What hope remained for me then save in the Passion of thy Son, for His blood alone cleanseth from sin. I beg and implore thee, therefore, to obtain for me some of those priceless treasures of grace which were merited for me by the suffering Jesus. Obtain for me [.], the gift of patience, perseverance in good works, unfulfilled chastity, and above all the grace of Divine Love. And when my last hour shall arrive, help to address thee in the words of the Church: Queen conceived without original sin, pray for me!

Evening.

Ave gratia plena: Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus.—*Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women.* S. Luke i. 28.

GABRIEL, the Archangel, first gave utterance to these words, which have been caught up by the Church and repeated continually in all parts of the world. They contain a declaration of the glories of Mary; she is full of grace, for she is the Mother of the Author of all grace; the Lord is with her, for she is the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, the beloved of the Eternal Father in whose eyes she had found favour (*S. Luke i. 30*), and the Mother of the Incarnate Word. She is blessed among women, for she did the will of God more devotedly than any other creature.

WORDS fail me when I try to express the devotion I cherish for thee, O Virgin Mother, I can but repeat over and over again—“Hail Mary, full of grace,” they are the words of an Archangel, and never to be forgotten. I join my voice with that woman’s who cried out to Jesus Christ: “Blessed are the breasts that gave Thee suck.” The blessings of God are heaped upon thee not only on account of thy being the Mother of

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His Son, but because thou didst do His will with such earnestness and perseverance. Holy Scripture is loud in thy praise, for it represents thee as perfectly united to the Divine will. Thou didst consent to the great plan of redemption in the words "*Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it unto me according to thy word*," and S. John writes of thee: "*There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother*" (xix., 25). Union with God's will from first to last! And now I come to my wretched self. Instead of submitting to His will, I am always rebelling against it; sufferings seem intolerable, and as for patience, I profess it but do not practice it. I hear the awful warning of Jesus Christ: "*Not every one that faith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*;" and again: "*He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God*." I am always saying, never doing; always hankering after the world, never going forward. O Mary, Mary, what is to become of me? I throw myself at thy feet, entreating thee to assist me. I do not ask for honours or pleasures, or an easy life. Let those who will seek after such things, I renounce them. I only beg one thing; grant it to me and I shall be satisfied,—let me be ever united to the Divine Will. Let me repeat with my last breath and offer with my whole heart this supplication to God: *Fiat voluntas tua. Thy will be done.*

THE FOURTH DAY.

Morning.

Ecce Mater tua.—*Behold thy Mother.*—S. John xix. 27.

THE Saviour of the world, when on the point of expiring, recommended His Mother to the care of S. John, and in the words above quoted points to Mary as the Mother of His beloved disciple, and in his person, of the whole of the Christian race. “*Behold thy Mother.*” With John let us regard the Blessed Virgin as our Mother, full of tenderness towards us, and ready to help us in all our necessities.

MOTHER of Christ, Thou art my mother too. By the pains Thou didst endure on Calvary, when Jesus Christ gave His disciple to Thee as a son in place of Himself, I beg Thee to obtain for me grace to renounce all affections, desires, or

pleasures which may hinder me from accomplishing God's will. And since I regard Thee as a Mother, help me to confide my whole soul to Thy care, and to trust in Thy loving intercession for every grace. Help me to prefer the love of God to the love of any creature, however near or dear to me. Obtain for me [. . .] and so order my life here, that one day I may pass to the heavenly kingdom, where with Thee I may ever praise and glorify my God and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Evening.

Mulier amicta sole et luna sub pedibus ejus, et in capite ejus corona stellarum duodecim. *A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon beneath her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.*—Apoc. xii. 1.

MARY and John stood overwhelmed with ignominy and sorrow at the foot of the Cross, but how different was their meeting in Heaven! The Apostle being rapt in ecstasy beheld the Mother of God crowned with the whole glory of the universe, and says that she appeared as a great wonder in Heaven. All her sorrow had been turned into joy, and her patience was rewarded with eternal life. So, too, when the humblest Christian shall

have passed through the trials of life with patience, he shall be crowned in Heaven, and possess an everlasting kingdom.

GLORIOUS Queen of Heaven, thou art exalted above the Angels, and yet thou deignest to visit poor sinners on earth. At *Lourdes* thou didst visibly appear to one poor child, but all over the world thou dost invisibly refresh weary souls with divine grace, and obtainest for them an increase of virtue. Truly "*Thy delight is to be among the children of men.*" Deign then to visit my heart, to console and enlighten it, for I have grown cold in the love of God. Light up within it a desire of Heaven, and a ready willingness to depart hence, so that when the Lord cometh and knocketh, I may at once open to Him, and gladly answer His call. Help me to say with *S. Paul*: "*I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ.*" And as a pledge of the eternal glory I hope to obtain, grant me my present earnest request.

THE FIFTH DAY.

Morning.

Tota pulchra es amica mea, et macula non est in te.
Thou art altogether fair, my beloved, and there is no stain in thee.—Cant. iv. 7.

THE beauty which is here mentioned, is the beauty of holiness and grace, with which Mary was adorned. The Lord gave her the plentitude of virtue, and arrayed her in such dazzling purity, that He Himself exclaims, “*There is no stain in thee.*”

IMMACULATE Virgin, I present myself at thy feet, entreating thee to purify my sin-stained heart and to render it acceptable to God. Thou canst change me by thy prayers, do not delay then, but hasten to perform thy work of love and pity. Let me not go away with my prayer unanswered. Give me [. . .]. Look too on this our unhappy

country of England, which has dishonoured thy Son, blasphemed His sacraments and hated His Church. Pray for our beloved nation, and restore it to the unity of the Holy See. I thank thee for the conversions thou hast already effected ; but stay not Thy prayers until Thou shalt have obtained from God the return of the whole island to its ancient religion. If on the intercession of Moses depended the whole success of the battle, shall not the destruction of heresy in our land depend upon thine ? Ah, pray for us, indeed, *that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.*

Evening.

Et nomen Virginis Maria. And the Virgin's name was Mary—S. Luke i. 27.

AFTER the Holy Name of Jesus, there is none which is filled with such sweetness as that of Mary. It is a name which shall live for ever, and be for ever inseparably connected with the love of Jesus Christ. *“All generations shall call me blessed,”* she says herself ; that is, wherever the name of Mary shall be found in the Church, it shall be held in veneration. What a wonderful proof of the reality of the Catholic Church, that it alone

fulfils this prophesy, since in it alone is found a true reverence for the Mother of God. Many heretics cannot endure the name of Mary, they would rather put up with any doctrine of the Church than with which shows Mary as interceding for mankind. But it is the glory of the true Church to exalt the Mother of Christ, and to praise her continually all over the world. Truly all generations of the Church call her blessed.

THY name, O Mary, is as balm to my soul. *Oleum effusum nomen tuum!* When wearied in the combat which I have daily to sustain against the powers of hell, I will pronounce thy name; for well I know that it is a powerful defence against the attacks of the foe. Let thy name be continually on my lips, and help me to pronounce it with the profoundest love and veneration. And since the honour paid thee by Catholics is a sure mark of the true Church, increase within our breasts the devotion which we have for thee. The more heretics dishonour thee, the more we shall delight to magnify thee and exalt thy name. Ah! help us so to imitate thy virtues that Jesus Christ may abide in our hearts—hearts which love so dearly the object of His tenderest affection—His Virgin Mother.

THE SIXTH DAY.

Morning.

Replevit me amaratum inibus.—*He hath filled me with bitterness.* Lament iii. 15.

LOW spirits are one of the most terrible scourges wherewith Almighty God afflicts the human soul. Proceeding generally as they do from weak health, they obscure the mind, repress natural energy, and render the heart timid and fretful. Like all other afflictions, however, they may be turned to our greater welfare ; and vast merit may be acquired by the Christian who under depression does not relax his religious fervour, or diminish his confidence in God. Let us take courage, then, and animate ourselves to suffer all desolations and depressions of spirit with the recollection of what Jesus Christ and His saints endured before they entered into their rest. “*My soul is sorrowful even unto death*,” are the words of our Redeemer, and the Evange-

lists inform us that the agony or terror which He suffered in the garden was so great as to force a bloody sweat from His body. Mary by Her desolation has earned for herself the title of "Queen of Martyrs." *S. Ignatius Loyola*, according to *Ranke*, was so depressed at the recollection of his sins that he was tempted to throw himself out of window, and thus finish his life. In a word, all those who please God drink more or less of the chalice of desolation which Jesus drained to the dregs. Life is short, and in heaven to which we are hastening there is no depression or desolation; and if while here on earth we experience desolation, let us submit to our good God, saying with the poet—

Sweet Lord, I do not ask for peace,
Do what Thou wilt, Thou doest good,
And all Thy Saints went up to blifs,
In crowns of fire or robes of blood.

QUEEN of Martyrs, I am ashamed at my own want of courage, for the least depression casts me down, and the least sorrow overwhelms me. O Mother of perpetual succour, help thy wretched child to overcome all natural sorrows, impulses, or regrets which may in any way hinder the progress of divine grace in his soul. I read in the Gospel that thou didst stand by the Cross of thy Son; although overwhelmed with sorrow thou didst not

faint nor fall, but didst stand like a mighty rock in a raging sea. Oh ! help me, help me to stand and not to sink amid the trials of this life. Queen of sorrows hear my prayer.

Evening.

Qui enim induxit vobis mala, ipse rursum adducet vobis sempiternam jucunditatem cum salute vestra.—*For he who brought these evils upon you, shall grant you everlasting joy again together with your salvation.*—
Baruch. iv. 29.

THE life we lead here upon earth has been compared to a journey through a valley of tears ; but the shortness of our pilgrimage is a cause of rejoicing and hope. *S. James* expressed this thought when he likened our sojourn in the world to a vapour which appears for a little while and then vanishes ; and holy *Job* compares it to a ship that passes by and is seen no more. In the Book of *Wisdom* our life is declared to be like the flight of a bird that leaves no mark in the air; or the passage of an arrow that cannot be traced. Fools then indeed are they who sin as if they were to live on for ever, and thrice happy those who, leading a life of penance, count the sufferings of the present time,

IMPRESS upon my soul, O holy Mother of Jesus, a true sense of the shortness of life, that I may not fix my heart upon anything in this perishable world. Men think not of eternity, but only of their present enjoyments : *“They have not known the mysteries of God, neither have they hoped for any reward for righteousness, nor have they thought of the honour due to holy souls.”* (Wisd. ii. 22.) ; but dearest Mary, I desire not to be among this number. I desire to please Jesus Christ and to lead a life of penance. Pray for me, then, that my heart may find no rest in the miserable goods of this world. I have only one wish, which is to obtain the true love of God, and to pass from this fleeting life with my soul burning with divine charity. In Heaven all the sufferings of this life will be rewarded with joy, and God who afflicts us here, shall satisfy us by His glorious presence. Pray, then, for me that I may enter into His rest. *Amen.*

THE SEVENTH DAY.

Morning.

Omnis gloria ejus filiae regis ab intus, in fimbriis aureis circumamicta varietatibus.—*All her glory (that is) of the king's daughter is from within; she is arrayed in golden borders and clothed in divers colours.* Ps. xliv. 14, 15.

THE splendour of Mary's soul is described by the Psalmist as proceeding from within, in other words from the divine grace which filled her breast. When she appeared at *Lourdes*, her whole being seemed penetrated with divine glory; all her glory was from the Holy Ghost who dwelt within her.

O MARY, tabernacle of the Holy Ghost, cast your eyes of pity upon the suppliant who addresses you. I desire not the glory or the praise of this adulterous world, but I seek only for the glory which is from within, the glory of purity and

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charity. Light up, then, I beseech thee, within my soul such a flame of divine love that my whole being may be ready to do God's will. So by good works it shall be clothed with golden borders, and robed in divers colours. But, alas ! at present I am cold and heartless ; it is for thee to restore me and save me.

Ebening.

Eos qui diligunt illam, diligit Deus.—God loveth those that love her. Ecclus. iv. 15.

WHAT is here said of wisdom may be safely applied to Mary the Mother of the Incarnate Wisdom, namely that those who love Her are loved by God. Wherever a real devotion to our Lady is found, there will be an intense love for Jesus Christ. It is utterly impossible for the human soul to please Mary without also pleasing her Son. Thus in heretical England there is so little religion or knowledge of God, because His Mother is hated and despised. Let us then, at least, who belong to the true Church, excite within our bosoms a greater devotion towards the Virgin Mother, that loving her we may attain to a greater love for

her Son, and become instrumental in the conversion of our unhappy country.

O MOTHER of love and pity, I know that thy heart is longing for our salvation, and that thou art ever more ready to assist us than we are to ask for thine aid. I desire to increase in the love of God, and for this purpose I call upon thee, and pay my devotions to thy immaculate heart. Love is strong as death, and if I could but attain to a true affection for Jesus Christ I should be only too glad to devote my whole life to His service. It is because my heart is so cold that I do so little for God. O heavenly advocate, pray for me that I may begin at last to love Him in good earnest. Obtain for me my earnest petition for which I do so confidently ask [. . . .]. I recommend to thee, also this kingdom of England, that it may once more honour and love the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. Obtain zeal for the Clergy and Religious Orders, the fire of charity for our Preachers, the spirit of prayer for the laity, and true holiness for the whole Church in our land, so that heretics may seek to be re-united to the Catholic religion, and glorify their Father who is in Heaven.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

Morning.

Videte quoniam non solum mihi laborari, sed omnibus
exquireribus veritatem.—*Behold I have not only
laboured for myself, but for all who seek the truth.*
Ecclus. xxiv. 47.

THE Great Mother of Christians did not merely work out her own salvation by her prayers and acts of obedience to God, but so great was the merit she acquired, that she, in a certain way, coöperated towards our salvation. The untold sorrows which she endured at the foot of the Cross were not to be without effect, by them she merited grace to be the helper and consoler of all mankind.

COMFORTRESS of the afflicted and help of Christians, I know that thou hast a great desire for my salvation, and that in Heaven thou art continually pleading in my behalf. I take courage when I think of this, and I beg thee not to cease thy prayers until I am rescued from this evil world and can no longer run any risk of offending God. Thou, however, prayest for all sinners, and it was at the redemption of the *whole* world that Thou didst assist on Calvary. Pray, then, for all who at this moment are wounding the sorrowful heart of Jesus Christ, and obtain their conversion. Intercede for those who are in mortal sin, that their eyes may be opened to see their misery, and help them to do such penance as may bring them to the joys of Heaven and the presence of thine infinitely amiable Son.

Evening.

Quodcunque dixerit vobis facite.—*Whatsoever He shall say to you, do it.* S. John ii. 5.

IT is related in the Gofpel that Jesus and Mary were present at a marriage-feast at Cana. When there was no more wine left for the table

the Virgin informed our Saviour, and on His replying : “*Woman, what is it to me and to thee?—mine hour is not yet come*” : She turned to the servants and said : “*Whatsoever He shall say to you, do it.*” Jesus immediately worked a miracle, and furnished the whole company with wine. Let us dwell particularly upon those words of Mary : “*Whatsoever He shall say to you, do it.*” In them is contained a glorious precept and one which is binding on all mankind. Obey Jesus Christ—such is the Virgin Mother’s message. Almighty God speaking from the cloud said : “*This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him,*” and our Lady preaches the same Gospel : “*Whatsoever He shall say unto you, do it.*”

THESE words, Immaculate Mother, thou addressest to me as well as to others, but oh ! how disobedient I have been to thy Son ! how I have broken His commandments and abused His mercy. This is not all, for in disobeying Him I have disobeyed thee, and added fresh sorrows to thy heart. Oh ! help me now at least to begin a life of obedience ; as for the past, I hate and renounce it, henceforth I desire to live to God alone. But it is not from a reliance on my own strength that I make this resolution, I am but weakness

itself. No! my Mother, I trust in thee; and I beseech Thee to obtain for me grace at all times to follow out the commands of Thy Divine Son. Thou hast favoured many of Thy children who have had recourse to thee at *Lourdes*, and restored physical and moral strength to them; oh! do not despise me, though the most unworthy of creatures, when I invoke thee by this glorious title; and as a sign that thou lovest me, grant me my present petition.

THE NINTH DAY.

Morning.

Hic est qui multum orat pro populo, et universa sancta civitate, Jeremias propheta Dei.—*This is he who prayeth much for the people, and for all the holy city*
 —*Jeremias the prophet of God.* 2 Mach. xv. 14

HERE we read that *Judas Machabeus* had a vision in which he beheld *Jeremias* interceding for *Jerusalem* and the chosen people. Surely if a Prophet is allowed to intercede for those on earth, much more shall Mary, the mother of Christ Himself be interested in our salvation. And as *Jeremias* prayed for all the city of God, so the Queen of Prophets prays for the whole Church which needs prayer, that is for those in purgatory as well as for those on earth.

INTERCEDE, most loving Mother, not only for poor sinners in this world, but for those who are certain of their salvation, who have done with sin, yet still are detained in purgatory and have not entered into Heaven ; I recommend them earnestly to thy prayers, especially my deceased relations, benefactors, and all who have died this day. And when the happy hour shall arrive which shall summon me from this world, pray for thy servant that he may immediately enter into the joy of his Lord : or if he be detained in the cleansing sorrows of purgatory let him speedily experience thy loving intercession and a glorious release.

Evening.

In plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea.—*In the full assembly of the Saints is my habitation.* Ecclus. xxiv. 16.

LET us close this Novena with a few thoughts of Mary in Heaven, and fervent aspirations for our true home. She is crowned the Queen of all God's Saints and her habitation is among them. Oh, what joy ! what ineffable bliss. How should we long for Heaven when we consider the glory which

God has conferred upon those that love Him, and on Mary who loved Him more than all. We, too, can attain to the glory of Heaven through the merits of Jesus Christ, who has declared that "*He that doeth the will of my Father, he is my mother and my brother.*" Courage, then! for fidelity to God in this world will be rewarded with glory in the next.

QUEEN of all Saints! I, a most polluted sinner, entreat thee to recommend me to thy Son, for He alone can change me. "He raiseth the beggar from the earth, and the poor man from the dunghill, that He may set him with the princes, even the princes of His people." These words of Scripture give me courage and make me hope for eternal happiness. I renounce all human love, or pleasures, or worldly cares which may hinder my loving God. I resolve also to avoid evil occasions, so that I may not expose myself wilfully to the risk of displeasing Him. Obtain for me a great desire of Heaven and His glorious presence. Help me to long for God and nothing else, that all my thoughts may be directed towards Him, all my actions performed for Him, and all my life devoted in His service. I recommend to thee once more all the

petitions I have offered thee during this Novena, especially [. . .]. O Mary, most dear Mother, turn not away from thy poor child, but mercifully hear and grant my prayer.

Note.—The author of the beautiful stanza on page 22, was Digby Mackworth-Dolben, who was drowned while bathing in the *Welland* (*Rutlandshire*) June 28, 1867, at the age of 19. *Cujus animæ misereatur Deus.*

Note 2 to page 22.

"I do not ask for peace," *i.e.* sensible consolations and delights. The true peace of God which belongs to the higher parts of the soul must always be prayed for.



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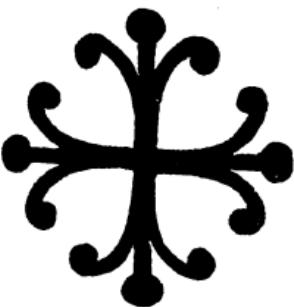
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